

POMPEY.

A ~~Love~~ ~~Play~~

Tragoedy.

Left by Lady Cutler

Acted with Great Applause.



L O N D O N ,

Printed for John Crooke , at the Sign of the
Ship in St Paul's Church-yard. 1663.



The Printer to the Reader.

IHope you expect no Eloquence from a Printer, nor Regularity in a Preface, which hath nothing to say to you, but that Pompey being a Translation out of the French of Monsieur Corneille, the hand that did it is responsible for nothing but the English, and the Songs between the Acts, which were added only to lengthen the Play, and make it fitter for the Stage, when those that could not be resisted were resolved to have it acted; and that no abuses of Transcribers (though they were numerous) could have prevail'd to send it to the Press, if the Person most concern'd had not fear'd to disobey an excellent Lady, who commanded this publication, more than the severity of the Censorious World.



The Persons of the Play.

Julius Cæsar.

Marcus Antonius.

Lepidus.

Ptolomy, King of Ægypt.

Cleopatra, His Sister.

Photinus, His Governour.

Achillas, His Lieutenant General.

*Septimius, A Roman in the Ægyptian
Kings Army.*

Achoreus, Cleopatra's Gentleman Usher.

Charmion, Cleopatra's Maid of Honour.

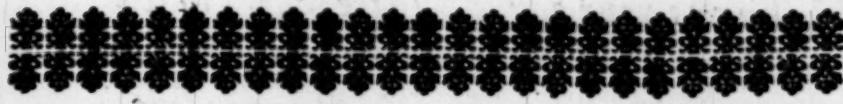
Cornelia, Pompey's Widow.

Philip, Pompey's Freedman.

Romans and Ægyptians.

The Scene *Ptolomey's Palace in Alex-
andria.*

P R O-



PROLOGUE,

For the Theatre at *Dublin*, written by the
Earl of *Roscommon*.

(Rage
THe mighty Rivals, whose destructive
Did the whole World in Civil Arms en-
(gage,
Are now agreed, and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.
Cæsar from none but You, will hear his Doom,
He hates th' obsequious Flatteries of Rome :
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile
Had stain'd with Blood, Peace flourished in this
(Iſle;
And you alone may Boast, you never saw
Cæsar 'till now, and now can give him Law.
Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here,
But says He cannot now begin to fear.

He

He knows your equal Justice, and (to tell
A Roman Truth) He knows himself too well.
Success, tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His fortune when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not Cato's Mind.
Then of what Doubt can Pompey's Cause ad-
Since here so many Cato's Judging sit? (mit,

To the
Ladies.

But you bright Nymphs, give Cæsar leave to
The greatest Wonder of the world but you. (woo
And hear a Muse, who has that Hero taught
To speak as gen'rously, as e're he fought.
Whose Eloquence from such a Theme deter's
All Tongues but English, and all pens but Hers.
By the just Fates your Sex is doubly blest,
You Conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best.

To the
Lord Lieu-
tenant.

And You (Illustrious Sir) receive as due,
A Present Destiny reserv'd for You. (here,
Rome, France and England joyn their Forces
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.

Accept it then, and on that Pompey's Brow
Who gave so many Crowns, bestow one now.

Pompey

P O M P E Y :

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Ptolomey, Achillas, Photinns, Septimius.

Ptol. **F**ate hath declar'd her self, and we may see
 Th' Intrigue of th' great Rivals Destiny :
 That quarrel which did all the Gods divide,
Pharsalia hath the Honour to decide.
 Whose Rivers swelling with new bloody Tides
 (Sent thither from so many Parricides)
 The Horror of torn Ensigns, Chariots, Shields,
 Spread in Confusion o're th' infected Fields ;
 Those Slaughter'd heaps whose shades no rest obtain'd
 By Nature to their own revenge constrain'd,
 (Their Putrefactions seeming to Revive
 The War with those that do remain alive,)
 Are Dreadful rules by which the Sword thinks fit,
Pompey to cast, and *Casar* to acquit.
 That distress'd Leader of the Juster Side,
 Whose wearied Fortune hath all Help deny'd,
 A terrible Example will create
 To future Times, of the Extreams of Fate :
 He flies, whose happy Courage had, till now,
 Confin'd the Bay to his Victorious Brow :
 He in our Ports chooses his last Retreat ;
 And wanting Refuge from a Foe so Great,
 His bold Misfortune seeks it in Abodes,
 Which from the *Titans* once preserv'd the Gods ;

And

And from so fam'd a Climate, doth expect
 That it should Earth as well as Heav'n protect ;
 And lending his Despair a kinde Effort,
 It should the staggering Universe support :
 Yes, the World's Fortune *Pompey* with him brings,
 And hopes a Land whose Fame such Wonder sings,
 A Prop or Tomb might to her Freedom give,
 And *Pompey's* Fall Attend, if not Releive.

This, Friends, the Subject is of our debate ;
 Our Triumphs be, or Ruine will create :
 He hazards me, who did my Father save,
 And does expose that Memphis which he gave :
 We must now hasten or prevent his fate,
 His Ruine hinder or precipitate :
 That is unsafe, and this Ignoble is ;
 I dread injustice, or unhappines ;
 And angry fortune each way offers me
 Either much danger, or much infamy.
 It is my part to choose, yours to advise
 What you believe to be most safe and wise :
Pompey's Concern'd ; nay, we the same shall get,
Cesar's success to trouble, or compleat ;
 And never Monarchs Fortune did afford
 So great a Subject for a Councel Board.

Phatin. When things, Sir, are determin'd by the sword,
 Justice is nothing but an empty word :
 And he who these Affairs would rightly weigh
 Must not his Reasons, but his power obey :
 View your own Strength, let *Pompey* be survey'd,
 Whose Fortune Droop's, and Valour is betray'd ;
 Who not from *Cesar* only takes his flight,
 But from the Senates just Reproach and fight,
 (Whose greater part, were cheaply left a Prey
 To the Keen Vultures of *Pharsalia*)
 He flies lost *Rome*, and every Roman now,
 Who must to his defeat their Fetters owe.

(3)

He flies those Kings who would chastise his Guilt,
Of all the blood that in his cause was spilt.

Their Kingdoms now of Men and Money void,
Their broken Scepters and their Thrones destroy'd,
As Author of all Woes, abhor'd by all,
He flies the whole World, shatter'd by his Fall.

Can you alone resist so many Foes?

His safety he did in himself Repose:

He falls, and You may yield without a Blush
To such a weight as *Rome* her self does Crush;
A weight which hath the Universe prest down,
And the yet greater *Pompey* overthrown.

He that will save whom Heaven would have wrack't,
By too much Justice may a Guilt Contract.

And a fidelity so indiscreet

May a short Fame, but long Repentance meet:
He but a more Illustrious wound will have

Which will not smart the less for being brave:

Do not for *Egypt* Thunderbolts provide,
But choose with Fortune, and the Gods to side.
Believe not they can an Injustice do.

But where they favour, pay you homage too.

Whatever they decree for them declare,

And think it Impious where they frown to spare,
With Divine Anger *Pompey* now beset

Comes to involve you too, in his Defeat.

His Head for which both Gods and Men do call
Already shakes, and seeks but where to fall:

His coming hither an Offence does seem

And shew's his Hatred rather then esteem.

He would his safety with Your Ruine buy,

And can you Doubt, if he deserve to dye?

Had he fulfil'd what we both wisht and thought,

And a Victorious Navy hither brought,

We then should him a Joyful welcom shew,

Who must the Gods blame for his usage now.

B

I of

Of his Fortune, nor of him Complain,
 But with Regret Act what the Gods Ordain,
 And the same Pompey, once for *Cesar* meant
 Shall with a sigh to *Pompey's* Heart be sent.
 Nor can you at a less rate then his Head
 Secure Your Own, and shun the Storm You Dread,
 Let this be thought a Crime, if so it must,
 'Tis not a States-man's Virtue to be Just.
 When Right and Wrong are in the Ballance lay'd,
 The Interest of Kingdoms is betray'd,
 Extreamest Rigour is the Right of Kings,
 When Timorous Equity their Rains brings,
 Who fears a Crime shall ever be afraid,
 But hee'll rule all who all things dares invade,
 Who Dangerous Virtue, as Disgrace, does shun,
 And to an Usefull Crime as swiftly run.
 This is my Thought, Sir, but *Achilles* may,
 Or else *Sepimius*, choose some other way.
 But this I know, whatever others like,
 They fear no Conquerour who the Conquer'd strike.

Achil. Pherin says true, Sir, but though *Pompey* we
 Divested of his former Grandeur see,
 Yet that Blood Precious does to me appear
 Which the Gods did in *Thessaly* revere,
 Not that a Crime of State should be refrain'd,
 But 'tis not lawful, till it be constrain'd :
 And what need is there of such Rigour here ?
 Who quits the Conquer'd needs no Conquerour fear.
 You may be Neuter, as You were before :
 And *Cesar* may, if him you must adore ;
 But though you treat him as a Power Divine,
 This is too great an Offring for his Shrine.
 To *Mars* himself should this Head offer'd be,
 'Twould fix on Yours too black an Infamy :
 Let him not be Assisted nor Destroy'd,
 And such a Conduct will all blame avoid.

You

You owe him much, Sir, for *Rome*, mov'd by him,
 Help'd our last King his Scepter to redeem,
 But Gratitude and Hospitality,
 In Monarchs Breasts must regulated be,
 Nor can a King Contract so great a Debt,
 But that his Subjects claim a greater yet.
 And all Engagements are to Princes void,
 To Cancel which, their Blood must be Employ'd:
 Consider too, what *Pompey* did expose,
 When he your Father help'd against his Foes :
 By that he made his Power the greater seem,
 And rais'd his own Fame, by restoring him :
 He did in serving him but language spend ;
 But *Cesar's* Purse appear'd the better Friend,
 Had we not *Cesars* thousand Talents seen,
Pompey's Orations had small succours been.
 Let him not then his Verbal merits boast,
 For *Cesar's* Actions have Oblig'd You most.
 But if a benefit to Him be due,
 Speak now for Him, as he did once for You :
 His kindness safely thus require you may ;
 But here receiv'd, He will your Scepter sway :
 This Conquer'd Roman yet a King will brave,
 And in your own Dominions you enslave.
 Refuse him Welcome then, but spare his Head ;
 But if it must fall, this arm shall strike him dead :
 I can obey (Sir) and should Jealous grow,
 If any Hand but mine should strike the blow.

Septim. Sir, I'm a Roman, and these Hero's know
Pompey needs aid, and from you seeks it now ;
 You are his fate, may his lost hopes revive,
 Banish, or Kill, or give him up alive :
 The first would cost you much too dear a Rate,
 I'le only then the other three debate.

His exile draws on You enraged Pow'r,
 And does but half oblige the Conquerour ;

Since to a long suspence you will him leave,
 What fate his future battles shall receive ;
 And both on you Revenge, when weary grown
 The Ills which, but for You, they had not known.
 To render him to *Cesar* were the same,
 Who must forgive him, to Augment his Fame :
 He will a brav'ry on himself impose,
 And swell in that false mercy he bestowes ;
 Glad if that way he *Pompey* can o'recome,
 And in the same Act please subiected *Rome* :
 But whilst you him to this necessitate,
 You'll purchase his, as well as *Pompey*'s hate :

His danger and dishonour then prevent,
 Both make him great, and keep him Innocent ;
 Whilst *Pompey*'s Faction, you in him, destroy,
 Let *Cesar*, at your cost, the Fruit enjoy :
 By this Advice, which you'll, I hope, allow,
 You'll gain a Friend, and need not fear a Foe ;
 But if *Achilles* unsafe course you choose,
 You neither gain, but both their Friendships lose.

Ptol. Let us no more debate what's Just and fit,
 But to the Worlds vicissitude submit.

Your Major votes do with my Thoughts agree
 Who in so great a change would active be,
Rome hath too long made an Injurious Claim
 That all men should adore the Roman Name :
 Her lofty Freedom let us now throw down,
 And a l Her scorn in *Pompey*'s Blood lets drown.
 Cutting the Root by which that Pride does live,
 To the Worlds Tyrants let's a Tyrant give ;
 Now fate would chain an Arrogance so fierce,
 Let's help her to revenge the Universe.

Rome, thou shalt serve, and Kings which always yee
 Ti' hast dar'd with so much Insolence to treat,
 Will *Cesar* now, with less Regret, obey
 Since thou shalt be enslav'd as well as they:

Achilles.

Achillas and Septimius lose no time,
But make us Deathless by this glorious Crime,
Of Heavens Resentment I'le the hazard run,
Who sent him hither sure to be undone:

Achil. A Kings Command must no dispute endure.

Ptol. Go then, the Scepter which I bear, secure ;
For you by this Commission are become
The Destinies of *Egypt* and of *Rome*.

SCENE 2.

Ptolomy, Photinus.

Ptol. I am mistaken, *Photin*, or by this
My Sister will her expectation miss,
Pompey my Fathers Will having secur'd,
Her Coronation she believes assur'd.
And she her self the Mistress does esteem
Of that divided Scepter left by him.
Their Antient Friendship she depends upon,
And inwardly already shares my Throne.
Whence her Ambition is become so vain,
That from its Ashes it revives again.

Photin. Sir, 'Twas a motive I did not debate,
And yet which ought to hasten *Pompey*'s Fate.
He your Pretentions doubtless will decide,
And by your Fathers Will your Claims Divide.
To which great Trust of Friendship being true,
You know how much he disobliges you.
Nor that by this Discourse I wold remove
The Sacred Cement of a Brothers Love,
I banish her not from your Heart, but Throne,
For he Reigns not that does not Reign alone.
Divided Empire all wise Kings avoid,
For Pow'r Communicated is Destroy'd ;
And Policy. — But, Sir, she does appear.

SCENE

SCENE 3.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra, Photinus.

Cleop. Pompey is come (Sir) and can you be here ?

Ptol. That mighty Warriour I at home attend,
And him *Achillas* and *Septimius* send.

Cleop. What ? such Embassadours as those to him ?

Ptol. You may go too, if they too little seem.

Cleop. Is your own meeting him too great a thing ?

Ptol. I must remember, that I am a King.

Cleop. Can you reflect on that, and yet be slow
To kiss the hand of him that made you so ?

And pay your homage to a Man so great ?

Ptol. Did he that Title in *Pharsalia* get ?

Cleop. Though none did his misfortunes help afford,
Hee's still that Pompey who your Crown restor'd.

Ptol. Rather his shade, and but my Father Crown'd,
By whose Ghost, not by me, it should be own'd.
Let him attend his Dust, and be content
To receive Thanks from his cold Monument.

Cleop. Hath such a Benefit such usage met ?

Ptol. I both remember it and his Defeat.

Cleop. You do indeed but with a scornful Pride.

Ptol. Time is the Standard by which things are Try'd :
You, that so prize him may his greatness Court,
But know, He yet may perish in the Port.

Cleop. What, may his Shipwrack in the Port arrive ?
And have you dar'd his Ruine to contrive.

Ptol. I have done only what the Gods inspir'd,
And what the safety of my State requir'd.

Cleop. I know but too much, *Photin*, and his Crew
Have with their wicked Counsels poyson'd you :
Souls that are but of Natures Rubbish fram'd.

Photin. The Counsel, Madam, will not be disclaim'd.

Cleop.

Cleop. 'Tis the King, *Ptolemy*, I discourse with now ;
Stay then, till I descend to talk to you.

Ptol. You must a little with her scorn dispense,
I know her hatred, and your innocence ;
But she's my Sister, give her humour vent.

Cleop. Sir, If too late it be not to repent,
Shake off at length a Yoke that is so vile,
And call your Virtue back from her exile :
That magnanimity so great, and good,

— Which is convey'd to Princes, with their Blood.

Ptol. Swell'd with a hope, in vain by you foreseen,
You speak to me of *Pompey*, like a Queen :
Through your false zeal-fishes of Pride escape ;
And Interest does act in Virtues shape :
Confess it then, you had been silent still,
Were it not for the King our Fathers Will ;
You know who kept it ?

Cleop. And you shall know too,
Virtue alone prompts me to what I do.
For if I did my own advantage seek,
I should for *Cæsar*, not for *Pompey* speak :
Receive a secret I conceal'd before,
And after that never reproach me more.

When none that bold Rebellion could withstand,
Which rob'd our Father of his Crown and Land,
The injur'd King forsook his Native shoar,
And *Rome*'s great Senate did for Aid implore.
With him we went, their pity to engage,
You very Young ; but I was in an Age,
When Nature had supply'd my Eyes with Darts,
Already Active in subduing hearts.

Cæsar receiv'd, or else pretended love,
And by his Actions would his Passion prove.
But since the Senat's Pique to him he knew,
He their lov'd *Pompey* to our party drew :
Whose high concern for us, on *Cæsar*'s score,

Was the last fruit their Friendship ever bore;
 Of this you do inherit the event.
 But such a Lover not with it content,
 When by th' assistance of so great a Man,
 In our behalf the Roman suffrage ran,
 Resolving further Kindness to impart,
 He gave his Treasure to attend his Heart :
 And from the Bounty of his growing flame,
 These sinews both of War and Power came :
 Those Thousand Talents which we owe him yet,
 Forc'd our revolted *Egypte* to submit.
 On this the King reflecting, when he dy'd
 Betwixt us did his Dignity divide ;
 And by his Sovereign Right on me bestow'd
 A part of what he to my Beauty ow'd :
 Whilst you, who this great reason never knew,
 Thought that his Favour, which was but my due ;
 And Your dread Father partial dar'd to call,
 Who gave me half, when yet he ow'd me all.

Ptolomy. This Story, you with Art enough contrive.
Cleopatra. I am assur'd, *Cesar* will soon arrive.
 And a few hours will such a change effect
 As your Dark Policy did least expect.
 And shew you why I spoke so like a Queen,
 Who the loath'd Object of your scorn have been.
 You in the Throne usurp'd my equal seat,
 And as a Slave you did your Sister Treat ;
 Till I was forc'd, to shun a ruder Fate,
 To stoop and Court your Ministers of State.
 Whose steel or poyson I still fea'd : but Know,
Pompey or *Cesar* will secure me now ;
 And whatsoe're your Sycophants Ordain,
 I now am sure my Scepter to obtain :
 Till when my Pride shall leave you, to divine
 In this Contest, what could be my desigu.

Ptolomy, Photin.

Ptolomy. What think you, *Photin*, of this lofty Mind?

Photin. My spirit, Sir, to wonder is resign'd,
And nothing but amazement can express;
At such a secret as I ne're could guess,
My thoughts are so unquiet and confu'sd,
I scarce know what expedient should be us'd.

Ptol. Shall we save *Pompey*?

Photin. Had you that decreed,
Yet it were now convenient he should bleed.
Your Sister hates you, she is fair and fierce,
And if she such Victorious Charmes disperse;
The head of *Pompey* only can suffice
To win the heart of *Casar* from her Eyes.

Ptol. This dangerous woman hath a busie wit.

Photin. But such a service will out-ballance it.

Ptol. But what if *Casar* still her Pow'r Obey?

Photin. Then flatter her, yet mind not what I say,
Till first you ask, in an affair so Nice,
Achillas and *Septimius* best advice.

Ptol. Lets from the Tow'r see them act *Pompey*'s doom,
And this Debate at their return, resume.

After the first Act of *Pompey*, The King and *Photin*
should be discovered, sitting and hearkning
to this Song.

SInce Affairs of the State are already decreed,
Make room for Affairs of the Court,
Employment and Pleasure each o:her succeed,
Because they each other support.

Were Princes confin'd
From slackening their Mind,
When by Care it is rusted and Curl'd.

(12.)

*A Crown would appear
Too heavy to wear.
And no man would govern the World.*

*If the Gods themselves who have power enough,
In the diversions are various, and oft
Since the business of Kings is angry and rough,
Their Intervals ought to be soft.*

Were Princes confin'd, &c.

*To our Monarch we owe whatsoe'er we enjoy :
And no grateful Subjects were those,
Who would not the safety, he gives them, employ
To contribute to his repose.*

Were Princes confin'd, &c.

After which an Antick dance of Gypsies should be presented.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 1.

Cleopatra, Charmion.

Cleo. I Love him, but a Flame so much refin'd,
How bright soever, dazles not my mind :
For Virtue makes my inclination know
What Cesar's Mistress does to Pompey owe :
And none dares own a passion so sublime,
But she that scorn's the shadow of a crime :
I should but small respect to Cesar pay,
To seek his love in an unhandsome way.

Cher. Can you love Cesar, Madam, and advise
That Egypt should in Armes against him rise ?
That they should Pompey against him protect,
And his Pharsalian Triumphs should be checkt,

Sure

Sure Love in you does little Empire shew,

Cleo. This to their high extraction Princes shew,

That by th' assistance of their Royal Blood

Their Passions are more easily subdu'd.

Their honour still the Victory will have ;

And whilst they trust themselves, they still are brave.

All the disorders which in Kings we see,

To others Counsels must imputed be.

This is the cause of *Pompey's* ruine Deem ;

The King would help, but *Photis* murthers him.

Whose Counsel hath his Masters faith o'rethrown,

Which still had sway'd, had he observ'd his own.

Char. You then who *Cesar* love, and yet oppose.

Cleo. The Love I cherish no dishonour knows,

But worthy him.

Char. Are you of his secur'd ?

Cleo. I think I am.

Char. But are you well assur'd ?

Cleo. Know that a Princess by her glory mov'd,

No Love confesses till she be belov'd.

Nor the most noble passion ever shows,

When it shall her to a Contempt expose.

At *Rome* I first did *Cesars* Heart invade,

Where he the first expression of it made ;

And ever since he did to me renew

The Tribune of his Vows and Laurels too.

He march'd through *Italy*, through *Gaule* and *Spain*,

With Love in's Breast, and fortune in his Train :

Nor did he ever make so brave a Prize,

But he pay'd Homage for it to these Eyes.

With the same hand, which did that weapon quit

With Blood of *Pompey's* party reeking yet,

He writ complaints, and put my fetters on ;

Ev'n in the Field, which he had newly won.

Yes from *Pharsalia* his submissions came :

And if his speed be equal to his flame,

Or rather, if the Sea befriend his Fleet,
Egypt shall see him shortly at my feet.
 He comes, my *Charmion* and from me alone,
 Seeks the reward of all that he hath done.
 And all his glory to my Shrine he brings,
 With the same hand which gives the Law to Kings.
 So that, ev'n in his Triumphs, my disdain
 Can make the Man that rules the World complain:

Char. Yet I dare swear, your charmes a pow'r enjoy
 Which though they boast of, they will ne're employ.
 And the great *Cesar* shall no trouble know,
 If it can only from your rigour grow.
 But what can you expect from *Cesars* flames,
 Wherein such right another Woman claims,
 His freedom he by marriage hath resign'd,
 And only to *Calphurnia* is confin'd.

Cleo. But a Divorce, at *Rome* so common now,
 May remove her, and my desires allow.
Cesar's experience him to that may lead,
 Since 'twis *Calphurnia's* Passage to his bed.

Char. But the same way may you at length remove.
Cleo. Perhaps I better shall secure his love,
 Perhaps my passion may find out an Art
 Better to manage that Illustrious Heart.
 But let's to Heaven leave what may arrive,
 And this Alliance (if we can) contrive.
 Were it but one day, 'twere enough for me,
 One day, the Mistress of the World to be.
 I have Ambition, and bee't good or ill,
 It is the only Sovereign of my Will.
 And 'twis this Noble Passion, sure, or none,
 A Princess may without a Blemish own.
 But yet with Glory I would it enflame,
 Nor would buy greatness with the loss of Fame,
 For I the brightest Crown can scorn to touch,
 When 'twis attended with the least Reproach.

Wonder

Wonder not then, that I so much pursue
Pompey's defence, and would my Duty do.
 His injur'd virtue, since I cannot right :
 My secret Wishes must invoke his flight.
 That some kind storm may so his Ships disperse,
 As may preserve him from his Murtherers.
 But faithful *Achorens* comes, and he
 Will quickly tell us *Pompey's* Destiny.

SCENE 3.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Achorens.

Cleop. What, is it done, and hath some Treacherous hand
 With that Rich blood stain'd our unhappy strand ?

Achor. By your commands, I to the shore did run,
 And saw this Treason, in its Horrour, done.
 I saw the greatest Mortal lose his Breath,
 And though a sad, I saw a glorious Death.
 And since a story you require from me,
 So much his Honour, and our Infamy :
 Hear then his fate, and wonder, and bewail,
 His three Ships in the Harbour striking sail,
 When to our ready Gallies he approach'd,
 He thought the King, with his misfortunes touch'd,
 By noble sense of Honour, did intend
 With all his Court to meet so brave a friend.
 But when he only saw a skiff prepar'd,
 And that too fill'd with Ruffians of his guard :
 Th' ingrateful Treachery did then appear,
 And gave him some approaches of a fear :
 But seeing Arm'd Men on our Ships and Shoar,
 He blush'd his Apprehensions were so Poor ;
 And when the Danger was so near him brought,
 He only on *Cornelia's* safety thought.

"Let's"

"Let's but expose, says he, this single head
 "To a Reception we may so much dread.
 "But whilst I only do the shock sustain,
 "Hasten thy Flight, and my revenge obtain.
 "King *Juba* is more gen'rouly inclin'd,
 "Where thou thy Father, and my Sons shalt find:
 "But if their Deaths should thee of them deprive,
 "Never Despair while *Cato* is alive.
 While their contest, on this, was sad and kind;
Achillas fatal boat their Vessel Joyn'd:
Septimus then, to get him in his Pow'r,
 I'th Roman Language call'd him Emperour;
 And as deputed from th' Egyptian Prince,
 Let, Sir, says he, this bark convey you hence;
 The Shels and Sands, which under water lye,
 To greater Vessels an Access deny.
 The *Hero* saw, and smil'd at this abuse;
 He then receiv'd his Wifes and Friends adieus,
 Their stay commanded, and to death did go
 With the same look, as he did Crown's bellow:
 With the same Majesty writ in his Brow,
 He sat unmov'd among his Murtherers now:
 His stedfast Courage did his Conduct seem,
Philip his Freed-man only follow'd him,
 Of whom, what I have told you I did learn,
 But saw the rest my self with sad concern:
 And think, (so mournful it to me appears)
Cesar himself could not refuse it Tears.
Cleop. But spare not mine, nor let them intercept
 A story which I have already wept. (word
Achor. Whilst toward Land they brought him, not a
 To the unhappy *Pompey* they afford:
 In which contempt he did foresee his end.
 At length arriv'd, they ask him to descend,
 He Rising, as *Achillas* stood behind
 Drawing his Sword, for what they had design'd,
Septimus,

Septimus, and three Romans more, embrew'd
Their Guilty hands in that Heroick Blood.

Till ev'n *Achillas* was with horrour strook,
Upon a Rage so Barbarous to look,

Cleop. You Gods, who Nations do chaitise with War,
When you Revenge this Death, our Cities spare !
And not the place, but Actors look upon,
The crime of *Egypt* was by Romans done.
But tell me what this Worthy said, and did.

Achor. With his Robes border he his visage hid,
Blindly his cruel Destiny obey'd ;
And would not see that Heav'n which him betray'd :
Lest any look of his, in such a stroak,
Should its assistance, or Revenge invoke.
Nor the least poor complaint fell from his Tongue,
Or ought that spoke him worthy of his wrong :
But that despising, made his last Retreat
To all that in his Life was good or great :
And held the treason which the King had wrought
Too much below him to employ his thought.
His Virtue, by their crime, more brightly shone,
And his last Gasp was an illustrious one.
This great Soul fled, his Body did expose
To th' greedy Eyes of his inhumane Foes :
His Head, which tumbled on the blushing Deck,
(By vile *Septimus* sever'd from his neck.)
Upon *Achillas* lance we fixed see,
As after Battles Trophyes use to be :
And to conclude a Destiny so sad,
The Sea was all the Sepulchre he had.
To fortune now his slaughter'd Corps resign'd,
Floats at the Pleasure of the Wave and Winde.
The Poor *Cornelia* at the Dreadful view,

Cleop. O Gods ! What could she either say or do !

Achor. By dreadful shrieks she try'd his Life to shield,
Then hopeless up to Heav'n her hands she held :

And

And by her mighty sorrow overthrown,
Fell either dead, or in a deadly swoon.
In this Distress, her Ships implored their Oars
To gain the Sea, and quit those horrid Shoars.
But infamous *Septimius* having thought
Cornelia's flight rob'd him of half his fault :
Has with six Ships hasten'd to her pursuit,
And the dead *Pompey* still does persecute.
But whilst to th' King *Achillas* brings the Prize,
The trembling People turn'd away their eyes.
One does with horror on the guilt reflect,
And a Revenging Earthquake does expect :
This hears it Thunder, and that does believe
Nature a Revolution must receive.
Their Reason, troubled by the Crimes ext're,
Cannot but dread a vast a Punishment.
Philip, mean while, shews on the Riverside,
That his mean fortune a brave soul did hide.
He curiously examines every wave,
For that rich Pledge which Treason to them gave :
That those lov'd Bones he piously might burn,
And give him one, though an inglorious Urne.
And with a little Dust a Tomb effect
To him who did the Universe subje&t.
But whilst *Cornelia* they one way pursue,
Another we might *Cesars* coming view,
A Navy which can hardly Reckon'd be :
Cleop. Ne're doubt it, *Achoreus*, it is he ;
Tremble bad Men, at your approaching Doom,
My Breath is now your Destiny become.
Cesar's come, I'm a Queen, *Pompey's* reveng'd,
Tyranny ruin'd, and the times are chang'd.
" But let's with wonder on the Great reflect ;
" Pity their Fortune, and our own suspect :
He who we thought ev'a Fate her self had sway'd,
Who rul'd a Senate which the World obey'd :

Whom

Whom his own *Rome* saw (almost Deifi'd)
 Over the World's three Parts in Triumph ride ;
 And who in the last hazards of his Face,
 Saw both the Consuls on his Standards wait :
 As soon as Fortune one unkindness shows,
 Egyptian Monsters of his Life dispose :
 As a *Photinus*, or *Septimus*, can
 Govern the Destiny of such a Man.
 A King who ow's him ev'n the Crown he wears,
 Exposing him to those base Flatterers.
 So fell the mighty *Pompey*, and so may
Cæsar himself perhaps another day.
 O may the Gods the Augury disprove !
 And make his Fortune constant as my Love.

Charm. The King comes, Madam, who may over-hear.

SCENE 3.

Ptolemy, Cleopatra.

Ptol. Know you what happiness is Drawing near ?
Cleop. Yes, I have heard it, the great *Cæsar*'s come :
 And *Photon* shall no more pronounce my Doom :
Ptol. That faithful Subject you could ne're endure.
Cleop. No, but am from his Projects now secure.
Ptol. Which of his Plots could you so much offend ?
Cleop. I've much endur'd, and more may apprehend :
 For such a Politician is not *Nice*,
 And you are always steer'd by his Advice.
Ptol. If I believe him, I his prudence see.
Cleop. And I who fear him, Know his cruelty.
Ptol. For a Crown's safety all things just appear.
Cleop. That kind of equity creates my fear,
 My share of Power hath been by it lost,
 And now it has the head of *Pompey* lost.

D

Ptol.

Plot. Never a game of State was more advis'd,
For else by *Ceser* we had been surpris'd:
You see his speed, and we had been subdu'd,
Before we could in our defence have stood.
But now I to a Conquerour so great,
Your Heart may offer, and my Royal seat.

Cleop. Make your own Presents, I'll dispose of mine,
Nor others Interests with Yours combine.

Plot. Our Blood's the same uniting me and you.

Cleop. You might have said, our Rank unites us too.
We both are Sovereigns, yet 'twill be confess,
There is some Difference in our Interest:

Plot. Yes, Sister, for my Heart is well content
Only with *Egypt's* narrow Continent.
But now your Beauty *Cesars* Heart does wound,
Tagus and *Ganges* must your Empire bound.

Cleop. I have Ambition, but it is confin'd,
It may surprize my Soul, but never blind.
T'upbraid me with those bounds there is no need,
I know my Reach, and shall not that exceed.

Plot. Your Fortune smiles and you th'advantage use.

Cleop. You may revile me, if I that abuse.

Plot. I hope the best, Love no ill Fruit can bear.

Cleop. You seem to hope what really you fear.
But though the Gods my just pretensions Crown,
You need not doubt I'll ask but what's my own.
You ne're shall Argue from your Sister find,
Though you're a Cruel Brother, I'll be kind.

Plot. But yet, methinks, you do discover Pride.

Cleop. Time is the Standard whereby things are try'd.

Plot. Your present carriage that doth plainly shew,

Cleop. *Ceser* is come, and you're a Master now.

Plot. I made him mine who the Worlds Master is.

Cleop. Pay him your Homage, while I look for his.

In this Address you may your self be seen,
But I'll remember that I am a Queen.

Plotin.

*Phorin will help you to receive him now,
Advise with him, he'll tell you what's to do.*

ACT. 2. SCENE. 4.

Ptolemy, Phorin.

Ptol. I have observ'd thy Counsel, but find since
To flatter her but swells her insolence,
For with her Pride she did affront me so,
That I at last fell into Passion too.
This Arm enrag'd by her could scarce forbear
(Without a Thought that *Cesar* was so near)
Dispatching her (as safe as she does seem)
To have complain'd to *Pompey*, not to him.
She talks already at that haughty rate,
That if great *Cesar* please her Pride and Hate,
And she o're him her boasted Empire have,
Her Brother and her King must be her Slave:
No, no, we needs must frustrate that intent,
Nor poorly wait the Ills we may prevent.
Let's spoil her of her Power to disdain,
And break those Charms whereby she hopes to reign:
Nor after such indignities, let's brook,
That she should buy my Scepter with a look.

Phorin. Do not for *Cesar*, Sir, pretence provide
That *Egypt* should be to his Triumphs Ty'd :
For this Ambitious Man which through the world
Hath War and Slavery together hurl'd ;
Swell'd with his Conquest and a Rage so smart,
As such a loss writes in a Lovers Heart :
Though you but act what Equity approves,
Will thence ground his revenge for whist he loves :
As for a crime, He'll you to Bondage bring,
Though you did only what became a King.

Ptol. If Cleopatra sees him shee's a Queen!

Pharin. But if she die, your Ruine is foreseen!

Ptol. Who ruines me should on my fall attend.

Pharin. To ruine her you must your self befriend.

Ptol. What? must my Crown upon her Temples shine?

No, if my Scepter I must needs resign,

The Conquerour shall rather it command.

Pharin. You'll sooner force it from a Sisters hand.

How great soever now his flames appear,

He must be gone, and leave You Master here.

Love in such Men seldom that room can find

Which to their Interest will not be resign'd.

With Juba, Scipio, and with Pompeys Sons, in Spain, and

Spain, to Revenge, he knows, with Africk runs,

And while that Party are not yet o'rethrown,

He cannot safely call the World his own.

Cesar's too great a Captain to o'resee

The pursuit of Pharsalia's Victory:

And leave such fierce Hearts on revenge intent,

To rise from their so late Astonishment.

If he his ends obtain, and them o'recome,

He his gain'd Empire must secure at Rome:

And there the fruit of his success enjoy,

Whilst he at pleasure does her laws Destroy.

Judge in that time, what great things you may do,

See Cesar then, and strive to please him too.

Resign him all, but yet this Rule intend,

That future things on accidents Depend.

Your Throne and Scepter give into his hand,

And without murmur yield to his Command:

He will believe that Justice he shall do

If he your Fathers Testament pursue,

Besides, this signet service you have done

Will give you still some Title to your Throne,

Entire submission to his Orders shew,

Applaud his judgement, but then let him go.

That.

That time for our Revenge will be most fit
 When we can act, as well as think of it.
 With temper let these Passions then be born,
 Which were excited by your Sisters scorn.
 Boasts are but Aire, and he revenges best,
 Who Acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the least.

Ptol. O thy Advice my greatest Comfort brings,
 A prudent Counsellour's the bliss of Kings.
 Come dear Supporter of my Throne, let's go,
 And to save all, on Cæsar all be low.
 His Pride lets flatter with an empty State,
 And with our whole Fleet on him hither Wait.

After the second Act, this Song is to be sung by two
 Egyptian Priests on the Stage.

I.
 SEE how Victorious Cæsar's Pride
 Does Neptune's Bosom sweep!
 And with Thessalian Fortune ride
 In Triumph o're the Deep.

2.
 What Rival of the Gods is this
 Who dare's do more then they?
 Whose Feet the Fates themselves do kiss,
 And Sea, and Land obey.

I.
 What can the fortunate withstand?
 For this resolute He,
 Rivers of Blood brings on the Land,
 And Bulwarks on the Sea.

2.
 Since Gods as well as Men submit,
 And Cæsar's favours too,
 Virtue her self may think it fit
 That Egypt courts him too.

But Pompey's Head is rare too dear,
For by that impious price
The God less Noble will appear,
Then do's the Sacrifice.

If Justice be a thing divine,
The Gods should it maintain,
For set's attempt when they decline,
Would be as rash as vain.

Chorus.

How desperate is our Prince's Fate ?
Whoe'er hazard do's be run ?
He must be wicked to be great,
Or to be just undone.

ACT 3. SCEN. I.

Charmion, Achoreus.

Char. Yes, whilst the King himself is gone to meet
Cesar, and lay his Scepter at his Feet.

To her Appartement *Charmion* went,
And there unmov'd expects his Complement.
What words have you to cloath this Humour in ?

Ach. 'Tis noble Pride and worthy of a Queen.
Who with Heroick courage does make good
The Honour of her Rank, and of her Blood.
May I speak to Her ?

Char. No, but she hath sent
Me to inquire this meetings great event,
How Cesar on this Gift himself explain'd,
Whether it were acknowledg'd or disclaim'd.

If

If he the fierce takes, or the gentler way,
And what he to our Murtherers could say.

Ach. The head of *Pompey* hath already cost
More then they will have any cause to boast:
For whether *Cesar* be or seem severe,
Yet I for them have ground enough to fear.
If they lov'd *Ptolemy*, they serv'd him ill,
You saw him part, and I pursu'd him full.
When from the City his well order'd Fleet
Advanc'd a League, that they might *Cesar* meet;
He with spread Sails arriv'd, and as in Wars
He still had been the Favourite of *Mars*:
So *Neptune* to his Navy was so kind,
His Fortune was not fairer than his wind.
Our Prince was so astonish'd when they met,
As if he did his Crowned Head forger.
Through his false Joy his Terror he Comfis'd,
And all his Actions his low Thoughtes express'd.
I my self blush'd as at a shameful Thing,
There to see *Ptolemy*, but not the King.
Cesar who saw his Course thus expire,
In pity flatter'd him to raise it higher.
He with low voice offering his Fatal gift,
"Now Sir, sayes he, you have no Rival left.
"Whar, in *Thessalia*, not the Gods could do,
"I give you *Pompey* and *Cornelia* too.
"Here's one, and though the other flight did take,
"Six Ships of mine will quickly bring her back.
Achillas then the great Head did expell,
Which still to speak it self seem'd to dispose.
At this new injury some warm Rerain
Did in imperfect groans seem to complain.
I thought his open mouth and ghastly look,
Recall'd the Soul which scarce her leave had took;
And his last anger seem'd, with dying Breath,
To Charge the Gods with his Defeat and Death.

Cesar

Cesar seem'd Thunder-stricken at this view,
 As not resolv'd what to believe or do.
 Immoveably on that sad Obj: & ty'd,
 He long from us his inward thought did hide,
 And I would say, if I durst make a guess,
 By what our Nature uses to express:
 Some such malignant Pleasure he enjoy'd,
 As his offended honour scarce destroy'd.
 That the whole World now in his Power lies,
 Could not but bring some flattering surprize.
 But though a while this Conflict he endur'd,
 Yet his great Soul it self soon re-assur'd.
 Though he loves Power, yet he Treason hates,
 Himself he judges, on himself debates.
 Each Joy and Grief at reasons bar appears,
 At length resolv'd, he first let fall some Tears.
 His Virtues Empire he by force regains,
 And Noblest Thoughts by that weak sign explains.
 The horrid present from his sight expell'd,
 His Eyes and Hands he up to Heaven held.
 In a few words their Insolence repress'd,
 And after did in Pensive silence rest.
 Nor even to his Romans could reply,
 But with a heavy sigh and furious Eye.
 At last with thirty Cohorts come to Land,
 To seize the Gates and Ports he does command.
 The Guards he set, and secret Orders sent,
 Shew his Distrust, as well as Discontent.
 Egypt he speaks of, as a Province won,
 And now calls Pompey not a Fos, but Son.
 This I observ'd.

Char. By which the Queen may find
 The Just Ofiris to her Vows inclin'd:
 Whilst with this happy News to her I fly,
 Do you proserve her your Fidelity.

Achor. Ne're doubt it; but here Cesar comes, go then
 Describe

Describe the Conternation of our Men :
And whatsoever proves to be their Fate ;
Ile first observe, and then to her Relate.

SCENE 2.

Cesar, Ptolomy, Lepidus, Phothinus, Achoreus,
Roman and Egyptian Souldiers.

Ptol. Great Sir, ascend the Throne, and govern us.
Cesar. Do you Know *Cesar*, and speak to him thus ?
What worse could envious Fortune offer me ?
Who alike hate a Crown, and Infamy.
This to accept would all my Boast confute,
That *Rome* did me unjustly persecute :
Rome, who both scorns, and gives Crowns every where,
And nothing sees in Kings, to love or fear ;
Nay, at our Birth, does all our Souls enflame,
To sleight the Rank, and to abhor the Name.
This truth you might have learn'd from *Pompey*, who
If he such Offers lik'd could shun them too.
Both Throne and King had honour'd been t' afford
Service to him who had them both restor'd :
So glorious had been even ill success,
In such a Cause, that Triumphs had been less :
And if your Fortune safety had deny'd,
To have bestow'd it, had been *Cesar's* Pride :
But though you would not own so brave a strife,
What right had you to that Illustrious Life ?
Who that rich Blood to wash yout hands allow'd,
That to the meanest Roman should have bow'd ?
Was it for you *Pharsalia's* Field I won ;
Wherein so many Nations were undone ?
And did I purchase at so high a Rate,
That you should be the Arbiters of Fate ?
If I in *Pompey* that could ne'te admit,

E

Shall

Shall you escape; o're him assuming it ?
 How much is my Success abus'd by you,
 Who attempt more then ever I durst do ?
 What Name, think you, will such a blow become,
 Which has usurp'd the Sovereignty of *Rome* ?
 And in one Person did affront her more
 Then could the *Asian Massacre* before.
 Do you imagine I shall e're agree,
 You would have been more scrupulous for me ?
 No, had you *Pompey* here Victorious seen,
 My Head to him had such a Present been :
 I to my Conquest your submissions owe,
 When all Wrongs had pursu'd my Overthrow.
 You do adore the Conquerour, not me ;
 I but enjoy it by Felicity.
 Dangerous Friendship ! Kindness to be fear'd !
 Which turnes with Fortune, and by her is steer'd.
 But speak ; this Silence does increase your Sin.

Ptol. Never hath my Confusion greater been ;
 And I believe, Sir, you'll allow it me,
 Since I, a King born, now a Master see :
 Where at my Frown each Man did trembling stand,
 And every Word of mine was a Command ;
 I see a New Court, and Another sway,
 And I have nothing left, but to obey :
 Your very Look abates my Spirits force ;
 And can it be regal'd by your Discourse ?
 Judge how I can from such a Trouble cease,
 Which my Respects create, and Fears increase :
 And what can an astonish'd Prince express,
 Who Anger sees in that Majestique Dress ?
 And whose Amazement doth his Soul subdue,
 That *Pompey's* Death should be rever'd by You.
 Yet I must say, whatever He befor'd,
 We owe you more, then ever man we ow'd :
 Your Favour was the first to us express.

And

And all he did, was done at your Request ;
 He did the Senate move for in jur'd Kings
 And them that Prayer to our Assistance brings.
 But all that he for Egypt could obtain,
 Without your Money, Sir, had been in vain :
 By that his Rebels our late King subdu'd,
 And you have Right to all our Gratitude :
 We Pompey as your Friend and Son rever'd,
 But when he your Competitor appear'd,
 When of your Fortune he suspicious grew,
 Tyranny sought and dar'd to fight with you —

Cæsar. Forbear, your hatreds Thirst his Blood supplies,
 Touch not his Glory, let his Life suffice ;
 Say nothing here that *Rome's* still dares deny,
 But plead your Cause without a Calumny.

Ptol. Then let the Gods be Judges of his Thought ;
 I only say, That is the Wars last fought,
 To which so many Wrongs did you persuade,
 Our Vows for your success were onely made :
 And since he ever sought your Blood to spill,
 I thought his Death a necessary Ill.
 For as his groundless Hatred daily grew,
 He would, by all wayes, the Dispute renew ;
 Or if, at length, he fell into your Hand
 We fear'd your Mercy would your Right with-stand :
 For to that pitch your sense of Honour flies,
 As would to Fame your Safety Sacrifice ;
 Which made me Judge, in so extream an Ill,
 We ought to serve you, Sir, against your Will ;
 My forward Zeal th'o. occasion did embrace,
 Without your leave, and to my own disgrace :
 And this you as a Crime in me disclaim,
 But nothing done for you deserves that Name :
 I stain'd my Hands, your Danger to remove,
 Which Act you may enjoy, and disapprove ;
 Nay by my Guilt my Merit higher grows ;

Since I my Glory give for your Repose
 And by that greatest Victim have procur'd
 Your Glory and your Power to be assur'd.

Cesar. You employ, *Ptolomy*, such Crafty Words,
 And weak Excuses as your Gause affords ;
 Your Zeal was false, if 'twere afraid to see
 What all Mankind beg'd of the Gods should be :
 And did to you such subtleties Convey,
 As Stole the Fruit of all my Wars away ;
 Where Honour me engag'd, and where the end
 Was of a Foe subdued, to make a Friend ;
 Where the worst Enemies that I have met,
 When they are conquer'd I as Brother Treat :
 And my Ambition only this Design'd,
 To Kill their Hate, and force them to be kind ;
 How blest a Period of the War 't had been,
 If the glad World had in one Chariot seen
Pompey and *Cesar* at once to have late
 Triumphant over all their former Hate !
 These were the Dangers you fear'd should befall ;
 O fear Ridiculous ! and Criminal !
 You fear'd my Mercy, but that trouble quit,
 And wish it rather ; you have need of it :
 For I am sure strict Justice would consente
 I should appease *Rome* with your punishment ;
 Not your Respects, nor your Repentance now,
 No nor your Rank, preserves you from that Blow ;
 Ev'n on your Throne I would revenge your Guilt,
 But *Cleopatra*'s Blood must not be spilt :
 Wherefore your Flatterers only I condemn ;
 And must expect you 'l do me Right on them :
 For what in this I shall observe you do,
 Must be the rule of my Esteem for you :
 To the great *Pompey* Altars now erect,
 And to him pay, as to the Gods, Respects.
 By Sacrifices your Offence expell,

But

But have a Care you choose your Victims well.
Go then, and whilst you do for this prepare,
I must stay here about another Care.

SCENE 3.

Cesar, Antonius, Lepidus.

Cesar. Antonius, have you this bright Princess seen?
Anton. Yes, Sir, I have, and shee's a matchless Queen ;
With such proportion Heaven never yet
All Beauties both of Minde and Body knit ;
So sweet a Greatness in her Face does shine,
The Noblest Courage must to it resign ;
Her Looks and Language with such ease subdue,
If I were *Cesar*, I should love her too.

Cesar. How was the Offer of my Love receiv'd ?
Anton. As doubted, and yet inwardly believ'd :
She modestly declin'd her highest aims,
And thinks she Merits what she most disclaims.

Cesar. But can I hope her love ?
Anton. Can she have yours ?
As that your joyes, so this her Crown secures.
To gain that Heart can you believe it hard,
Whose kindness you with Empire can reward ?
Then let your Passion all its Doubts disband,
For what can Pompey's Conquerour withstand ?
But yet her Fear to her remembrance brings,
How little *Rome* hath ever valu'd Kings ;
And more then that, she dreads *Calphurnia*'s Love ;
But both these Rubs your presence will remove,
And your succesful Hope all Mists will break,
If you vouchsafe but for your Self to speak.

Cesar. Let's go then, and these needless scruples quit,
Shewing my Heart to Her that wounded it :
Come, let us stay no longer.

Anton.

Anton. But first know,
Cornelia is within your Power now :
Septimius brings her, boasting of his Fault,
And thinks by that he hath your Favour bought.
But once ashore, your Guards (by Orders taught)
No notice took, but hither both have brought her.

Cesar. Then let her enter : Ah unwelcome News !
Which my Impatience does so roughly use !
O Heaven ! and am I not allow'd to pay
My Love this small remainder of one day ?

SCENE 4.

Cesar, Cornelia, Antonius, Lepidus,
Septimius.

Septimius. Sir. —

Cesar. Go *Septimius*, for your Master look,
Cesar a Traytors presence cannot Brook ;
A Roman, who no serve a King could be
Content, when he had *Pompey* serv'd, and me.

[Exit *Septimius*.]

Cornel. *Cesar*, that envious Fate which I can brave,
Makes me thy Prisoner, but not thy Slave :
Expect not then my Heart should e're afford
To pay thee Homage, or to call thee Lord :
How rude soever Fortune makes her Blow ;
I *Crassus* Widow once, and *Pompey's* now ;
Great *Scipio's* Daughter, (and what's higher yet)]
A Roman, have a Courage still more great ;
And of all Seroaks her Cruelty can give,
Nothing can make me blush, but that I live,
And have not follow'd *Pompey*, when he dy'd,
For though the Means to do it were deny'd,
And Cruel Pity would not let me have
The quick assistance of a Steel or Wave,

Yet

Yet I'm ashamed, that after such a Wo,
 Grief had not done as much as they could do :
 Death had been glorious, and had set me free
 As from my Sorrow then, so now from Thee.
 Yet I must thank the Gods, though so severe,
 That since I must come hither, Thou art here :
 That *Cesar* reigns here, and not *Ptolemy* ;
 And yet, O Heaven ! what Stars do govern me ?
 That some faint kind of satisfaction 'tis,
 To meet here with my greatest Enemies ;
 And into their Hands that I rather fall,
 Then into His, that ow'd my Husband all.
 But of thy Conquest, *Cesar*, make no boast,
 Which to my single Destiny thou ow'it ;
 I both my Husband's Fortunes have defac'd,
 And twice have caus'd th' whole World to be disgrac'd ;
 My Nuptial Knot twice ominously ty'd,
 Banish'd the Gods from the Uprighter Side ;
 Happy in misery I had been, if it,
 For *Rome's* advantage, had with Thee been Knit ;
 And on thy House that I could so dispense
 All my own Stars malignant influence :
 For never think my Hatred can grow less,
 Since I the Roman Constancy profess ;
 And though thy Captive, yet a Heart like mine
 Can never stoop to hope for ought from Thine :
 Command, but think not to subject my Will,
 Remember this, I am *Cornelia* still.

Cesar. O Worthy Widow of a Man so brave !
 Whose Courage, Wonder, Fate does pity crave ;
 Your generous Thoughts do quickly make us know
 To whom your Birth, to whom your Love you owe ;
 And we may find, by your Hearts glorious frame,
 Both to, and from what Families you came ;
 Young *Crassus* Soul, and noble *Pompey's* too,
 Whose Virtues Fortune cheated of their due ;

The *Scipio's* Blood, who sav'd our Deities,
 Speak in your Tongue, and sparkle in your Eyes ;
 And *Rome* her self hath not an ancient Stem,
 Whose Wife or Daughter hath more honour'd them :
 Would to those Gods your Ancestors once sav'd,
 When *Hannibal* them at their Altars brav'd,
 That your dear *Hera* had declin'd this Port,
 And better known a false Barbarians Court ;
 And had not his uncertain Honour try'd,
 But rather on our Ancient love rely'd ;
 That he had suffered my successful Arms,
 Only to vanquish his unjust Alarms ;
 Then he, without distrusting me, had stay'd
 Till he had heard what *Cesar* could have said ;
 And I, in spite of all our former strife,
 Would then have beg'd him to accept of Life ;
 Forget my Conquest, and that Rival Love,
 Who foughr, but that I might his Equal prove :
 Then I, with a content entirely great,
 Had Pray'd the Gods to Pardon his Defeat ;
 And giving me his Friendship to possess,
 He had pray'd *Rome* to Pardon my success.
 But since Fate, so Ambitious to destroy,
 Hath rob'd the World, and Us, of so much Joy,
Cesar must strive i' acquit himself to you,
 Of what was your Illustrious Husbands due :
 Enjoy your self then, with all freedom, here:
 Only two dayes my Prisoner appear ;
 And witness be, how after our Debate,
 I shall reverre his Name, revenge his Fate ;
 You this Account to *Italy* may yield,
 What Pride I borrow from *Theffalia's* Field.
 I leave you to your self, and shall Retire ;
Lepidus, furnish her to her desire ;
 As Roman Ladies have respected been,
 So Honour her, (that is,) above a Queen.

Madam,

Madam, command ; all shall your Orders wait.

Cor. O Gods ! how many Virtues must I hate.

After the third Act, to *Cornelia* all sleep on a Couch,
Pompey's Ghost sings this in Recitative Air.

*F*rom lasting and unclouded Day,
 From joyes resolv'd above Allay,
 And from a spring without decay.

I come, by Cynthia's borrow'd Beams
 To visit my *Cornelia's Dreams* ;
 And give them yet sublimer Theams.

Behold the Man whom lou'dst before,
 Pure streams have wash'd away his Gore,
 And Pompey now shall bleed no more.

By Deah my Glory I resume ;
 For 'twould have been a harsher Doome
 To oulive the Liberty of Rome.

By me her doubtfull fortune try'd,
 Falling, bequeaths my Fame this Pride,
 I for it liv'd, and with it Dy'd.

Nor shall my Vengeance be withstood
 Or unattended with a Flood,
 Of Roman and Egyptian Blood.

Cæsar himself it shall pursue,
 His dayes shall troubled be, and few,
 And he shall fall by Treason too.

He, by severity Divine
 Shall be an offering at my Shrine ;

(36)

As I was bid, he must be mine.

Thy stormy Life regret no more,
For Fate shall wait thee soon a shore,
And to thy Pompey thee restore.

Where past the fears of sad removes
We'll entertain our spotless Loves,
In beauteous, and Immortal Groves.

There none a Guilty Crown shall wear.
Nor Cæsar be Dictator there.
Nor shall Cornelia shed a Tear.

After this a Military Dance, as the Continuance of her Dream, and then *Cornelia* starts up, as waken'd in amazement, saying,

What have I seen? and whether is it gone
How great the vision! and how quickly done!
But if in Dreams we future things can see,
There's still some Joy laid up in Ease for me,

Exit.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 1.

Pyrrhus, Achilles, Phorbas.

(which had
Prol. **W**Hat? with that Hand, and with that Sword
A Victim of th' unhappy Pompey made,
Saw you *Seprinius*, fled from Cæsar's hate,
Give such a bloody Period to his Fate?

Achil. He's Dead, Sir, and by that you may collect,
What shame (foresen by him) you must expect:

Phorbas.

Pho. You may by this slow anger know,
 The violent does quickly come and goe :
 But the consider'd Indignation grows
 Stronger by Age, and gives the fiercer Blows ;
 In vain you hope his Fury to asswage ,
 Who now secure does Politickly rage ;
 He safely for his Fame concern'd appears,
 Pompey, alive, abhor'd ; he dead reveres :
 And of his Slaughter by this Art doth choose,
 To act the vengeance, and yet make the use.

Pto. Had I believ'd Thee, I had never known
 A Master here, nor been without a Throne :
 " But still with this Imprudence Kings are curst,
 " To hear too much Advice, and choose the worst ;
 " At the Pits brink Fate does their Reason bind ;
 " Or if some hint they of their Danger find,
 " Yet that false Light amiss their Judgement steers,
 " Plunges them in, and then it disappears.

Pho. I must confess I *Cesar* did mistake,
 Since such a Service he a Crime does make :
 But yet his side hath streams, and those alone
 Can expiate your fault, and fix your Throne.
 I no mote say, you silently should bear,
 And your Revenge, till he be gone, defer :
 No, I a better Remedy esteem,
 To justifie his Rivals Death on him.

When you the First Act by the last make good,
 And *Cesar*'s shed, as well as *Pompey*'s B'ood,
Rome will no difference in her Tyrants know,
 But will to you, from both, her Freedom owe.

Pto. Yes, Yes, to this all reasons do perswade ;
 Let's fear no more the Greatness we have made ;
Cesar shall still from Us receive his Doom,
 And twice in one day wee'l dispose of *Rome* ;
 As Bondage first, let's Freedom next bestow ;
 Let not thy Actions, *Cesar*, swell Thee so ;

But gall to mind what thou hast seen me do ;
Pompey was Mortal, and so thou art too ;
 Thou envy'dst him, for his exceeding thee,
 And I think, thou hast no more Lives, then he ;
 Thy own Compassion for my Fate does shew
 That thy Heart may be Penetrable too :
 Then let thy Justice threaten as it please,
 'Tis I, must with thy ruine, *Rome* appease ;
 And of that Cruel Mercy Vengeance take,
 Which spares a King, but for his Sisters sake.
 My Life and Power shall not exposed be
 To her resentment, or thy Levity ;
 Lest thou, to morrow, shouldst at such a Rate
 Reward her Love, or else revenge her Hate :
 More noble Maxims shall my fears expell ;
 Thou bad'st me once to choose my Victims well,
 And my Obedience thou in this shalt see,
 Who know no Victim worthier then thee,
 Nor th' Immolation of whose Blood will draw
 Better Acceptance from thy Son in Law.
 But vainly, Friends, we thus foment our Rage,
 Unless we knew, what Strength we could engage ;
 All this may be unprofitable hear,
 The Tyrants Forces being here so great ;
 But of our Power let us be first agreed,
 And in what time and method to proceed.

Acbil. We may do much, Sir, in our present State,
 Two miles from hence six thousand Souldiers wait ;
 Which I, foreseeing some new Discontents,
 Have kept in readiness, for all Events ;
Cesar with all his Arts could not foresee
 That underneath this Town a Vault should be,
 By which this night we to the Palace may
 Our Men with Ease, and without Noise convey ;
 The Vault his Life by open force alone,
 Would be the onely way to lose your Own :

We

We must surprize him, and a't our design,
 When he is Drunk with Pleasure, Love and Wine.
 The People are all ours ; for when he made
 His entry, Horror did their Souls invade ;
 When with a Pomp so arrogantly grave,
 His Fasces did our Royal Ensigns brave ;
 I mark'd what Rage at that Injurious view,
 From their incensed Eyes, like sparkles, flew ;
 And they so much did with their fury strive,
 That your least Countenance may it revive.
Sepulchre Souldiers fill'd with greater hate,
 Struck with the Terror of their Leaders Fate,
 Seek nothing but revenge on him, who them
 Did, in their Captains Person, so contemn.

Ptol. But what way to approach him can be found ?
 If at the Feast his Guards do him surround ?

Photin. *Cornelia's* Men, who have already known
 Among your Romans Kinred of their own,
 Seem to perswade us they would help afford
 To Sacrifice their Tyrant, to their Lord ;
 Nay, have assur'd us, and much better may
 Then we, to *Cesar* the first stabs convey ;
 His Clemency (not only false but vain)
 Which Courts *Cornelia*, that He *Rome* may gain,
 Will to his Person give them such access,
 As may assure our Plot of a success.

But *Cleopatra* comes ; to Her appear
 Only possell'd with Weakness, and with Fear :
 Let us withdraw, Sir, for you know that we
 Are Objects she will much abhor to see.

Ptol. Go wait me. —

SCENE

Englished for the first edition from W
SCENE 2. by you Caesar. W

Pyrrhus, Cleopatra;

Cleop. Brother, I have *Cesar* seen,
And have to him your Intercessour been.

Pro. I never could expect an Act less kind
From you who bear so generous a Mind.
But your great Lover quickly from you went.

Cleop. 'Twas to the Town, t' appease some discontent,
Which he was told had newly raised been
Betwixt the Souldier and the Citizen :
Whilst I with joyful haste come to assure
You, that your Life and Kingdom were secure ;
Th' Illustrious *Cesar* on the Course you took
Does with less anger then Compassion look,
He pities you, who such vile States-men heard,
As make their Kings not to be lov'd, but fear'd ;
Whose Souls the baseness of their Birth confess,
And who in vain great Dignities possess :
For Slavish Spirits cannot guide the Helm ;
Those too much Power would quickly overwhelm,
That hand, whose Crimes alone do purchase Fear,
Will soon let fall a Weight it cannot bear.

Pro. Those Truths, and my ill Fate do me persuade
How bad a choice of Counsellours I made :
For had I acted Honourable things,
I had as Glorious been, as other Kings ;
And better merited the Love you bear
A Brother, so unworthy of your Care ;
Cesar and *Pompey* had been here agreed,
And the Worlds Peace in *Egypt* been decreed ;
Who her own Prince a friend to both had seen ;
Nay, he (perhaps) an Arbiter had been.

But

But since to call this back is past our Art,
 Let me discharge to you my Troubled heart ;
 You, that for all the Wrongs that I have done,
 Could yet Preserve me both my Life and Crown ;
 Be truly great, and vanquish all your Hate,
 By changing *Phoebus's* and *Achilles's* Fate.
 For their offending you, their Death is due,
 But that my Glory suffers in it too ;
 If for their Kings Crimes they should punish'd be,
 The Infamy would wholly light on me ;
Cesar through them wounds me, their's is my Pain
 For my sake, therefore, your Just Hate restrain :
 Your heart is Noble, and what pleasure then
 Is th' abject Blood of two unhappy Men ?

Let me owe all to you, who *Cesar* charms,
 And, with a Look, his Anger can disarm,

Cleop. Were but their Life and Death in me to give,
 My scorn is great enough to let them live :
 But I with *Cesar* little can prevail,
 When *Pompey's* Blood lies in the other scale ;
 I boast no Power to Dispose his will,
 For I have spoke, and he hath shun'd it still,
 And turning quickly to some new Affair,
 He neither does refuse, nor grant my Prayers :
 Yet Ile once more on that harsh Theam proceed,
 In hope a New attempt may better speed ;
 And Ile believe. —

Ptol. He comes, let me be gone,
 Lest I should chance to draw his anger on ;
 My presence may enflame what i^e would make less,
 And you alone, may act with more success.

SCENE:

SCENE 3.

Cesar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion, Achorsaw, and Romans.

Cesar. The City now is quiet, Beauteous Queen,
 Which had alarm'd with little reason been ;
 Nor need they fear the troublesome event
 Of Souldiers Pride, or Peoples Discontent :
 But O great Gods ! when absent from your Eyes
 A greater Tumult did within me Rise ;
 When these unwelcome Cares snatcht me from you,
 My heart, ev'n with my Grandeur, angry grew ;
 And I my own Renown began to hate,
 Since it my parting did necessitate :
 But I forgave all to the single Thought
 How much advantage to my Love it brought :
 For 'tis to that I owe the noble Hope
 Which to my Flame does give so fair a scope,
 And persuades *Cesar* that his Heart may prove
 Not utterly unworthy of your Love,
 And that he may pretend to that, since he
 Nothing above him, but the Gods, can see.
 Yes Queen ; if in the World a Man there were
 That with more glory could your fitters bear
 Or if there were a Throne, wherein you might
 By Conquering its King, appear more bright.
 Less for his Throne would I the Man pursue,
 Then to dispute the Right of serving you.

'Twas to acquire that valuable Right,
 That my Ambitious Arm did always fight.
 And in *Pharsalia* rather my Sword drew
 To Preserve that, then *Pompey* to subdue.
 I Conquer'd, and the God of Battles, less
 Then your bright Eyes, afforded me success.

They

They rais'd my Courage, and my hand did sway,
 And I owe them that memorable day.
 As the effect of heat by them inspir'd,
 For when your beauties had my passion fir'd,
 That a return might your great Soul become,
 They made me Master of the World and Rome,
 I would enoble that high stile I wear,
 By the Addition of your Prisoner.
 And shall most happy be, if you think fit
 That Title to esteem, and this permit.

Cleop. I know how much I to my fortune owe,
 Which this excess of Honour does bestow.
 Nor will from you my inward thoughts conceal
 Since I know both, you, and my self, so well.

Your Love did in my earliest Youth appear,
 And I my Scepter as your Present wear :
 I twice receiv'd my Kingdom from your Hand,
 And after that, can I your Love withstand ?
 No, Sir, my Heart cannot resist your sieg,
 Who so much merit, and so much Oblige.
 But yet my Birth, my Rank, and the Command
 Which I have now regain'd in Egypt's Land,
 The Scepter, by your Hand restor'd to mine,
 Do all against my innocent Hopes combine ;
 To my desires injurious they have been,
 And lessen me, by making me a Queen :
 For if Rome still be as she was before,
 T' ascend a Throne will but debase me more ;
 These Marks of Honour will be but my Shame
 And Ruine my Pretences to your Flame :
 But yet, methinks, the Power you enjoy,
 Might all my Fears with ease enough destroy,
 And I would hope, that such a Man as you
 May justly Rome's Capriciousness subdue,
 And her unjust aversion for a Throne
 She might see cause, for your sake, to disown :

G

I know

(44)

I know that you can greater things effect,
And from your Promise Wonders I expect ;
You in Pharsalia did much greater do,
And I invoke no other Gods but You.

Cesar. There's nothing humane can my Love with-
'Tis but the over-rumping Africke Land,
To shew my Standards to the rest of those,
Who did me with so ill a Fate oppose ;
And when Rome can no more of them Advance,
She will be forc'd to study Complaisance :
And you shall see her with a solemn State,
At your Feet sacrifice her Pride and Hate :
Nay, I must have her, at your Royal Seat,
In my behalf, your Favour to entreat ;
And with so much Respect these Beauties view,
That the young Cesar's shall request from you ;
This is the only Fortune I desire,
And all to which my Lawes let me aspire :
How blest were my Condition, if I might
Obtain those Wreaths, and still enjoy your sight !
But yet my Passion its own harm procureth,
For I must quicke you, if I will be yours ;
While there are flying Foes, I must pursue,
That I may them defest, and merit you.
To bear that absence therefore, suffer me
To take such Courage from the Charmes I see,
That frightened Nations may, at Cesar's name,
Say, He but came, and save, and overcome.

Cleop. This is too much ; but if I this abuse,
The fault which you create you must excuse :
You did my Crown, and perhaps Life restore,
And yet your Love (I trust) will grant me more ;
And I Conjure you, by its strongest Charms,
By that great Fortune which attends your Arms,
By all my hopes, and all your high Desires,
Did not in Blood the Boundies you impart

Great.

Great Sir, forgive those that have Guilty been
Or else by that, let me appear a Queen ;
Achilles and Phoenix blood disdain,
For they endure enough to see me reign ;
And their Offence

Cesar. Ah ! by some other way,
Assure your self how much my Will you sway,
As you Rule me, if I might you request,
You better should employ your Interest ;
Govern your Cesar, as a lawfull Queen,
And make him not Partaker of their Sins ;
For your sake only, I the King durst spare ;
Twas love alone that

SCENE 4.

To them *Cornelius*.*Cornel.* Cesar, have a Care.

For Traytors have against thy Life Combin'd,
And sworn thy Head shall be to Pompey's Joye'd.
If to prevent them thou shouldest be remiss,
Thy Blood will speedily be mixt with his.
If thou my Slaves examine, thou may'st know,
The Author, Order, and the Actor too.
I yield them thee,

Cesar. O only Roman Heart !

And Worthy him of whom you were a part !
His Soul, which sees from its exalted State,
How I endeavour to Revenge his fate,
Forgers his hate, and is become so kind,
To save my Life by what he left behind.
Whatever Treason could to Pompey do,
Yet he does still subtil, and act in you ;
And prompts you to a thing so brave, that he
May vanquish me in generosity.

G 2

Cornel.

Cornel. Caesar, thou art deceiv'd in my intent,
 If thou think'st Hate yields to acknowledgment:
 No, Pompey's blood must all commerce deny,
 Betwixt his Widow and his Enemy.
 And I thy offer'd Freedom would enjoy,
 That to thy Ruine I might it employ.
 Nay, I shall make new busines for thy Sword,
 If thou dar'st be so just to keep thy word.
 But though so much on thy Destruction bent,
 Yet I thy Murther would as much prevent.
 I have thy Death with too much Justice sought,
 That it should now be with a Treason bought.
 Who knows and suffers, does partake the guilt:
 Nor should thy blood be infamously spilt.
 But when my Husband's Sons, and Kinred do
 Attempt thy death, then I shall wish it too.
 And that some brave Arm, which I shall excite,
 May in the Field, and in thy Armies fight,
 Offer thee Nobly to that *Hero's Ghost*,
 In whose Revenge thou so much zeal beflow'it?
 My restles'st think for such a day as this,
 By thy untimely fall its end would miss.
 But whatso'e're hopes from abroad I may
 Receive, yet I am Rack'd by their delay.
 "For distant satisfaction is half lost:
 "And long expected joys too dearly cost,
 I shall not wander on the Affrick Strands,
 To seek the vengeance ready in thy hands,
 Which does the head it Threatens best befit:
 For I could thine have had instead of it;
 But that my hatred saw the difference great,
 Betwixt my Husband's murther and defeat.
 And I an earlier Punishment would see none:
 On their Presumption, then thy Victory.
 This is *Rome's* wife, whose Venerable Brow
 To this affront, too just a Blush would owe.

If her two Noblest heads (should after all
 Her Triumphs) with so much dishonour fall.
 She, upon whom thou never couldst impose,
 Would sooner punish Criminals, than Foes.
 Her liberty would a misfortune grow,
 If upon *Tiber Nile* should it bestow.
 None but a Roman could her Master be,
 And but a Roman none should set her free.
 Here thou wouldst fall to her unsacrific'd:
 And wouldst be murther'd so, but not chastis'd.
 Nor would succeding Tyrants frightened be,
 For the Example too would dye with Thee.
 Revenge her now on *Egypt's* wrong, and I
 Will her revenge upon *Pharsalia* try.
 Adieu, no time in this should wasted be,
 Go then, and boast I once made vows for thee:

SCENE 5.

Cesar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Achonew,
Charmion.

Cesar. Her Virtue, and their Crime, alike amaze,
 Queen, you perceive for whom your goodness prayes.

Cleop. That, now, no more against your Justice fights.
 Go (Sir) Revenge all violated Rights:

My ruine they much more then yours desire:
 The Traytors do against my Right Conspire.
 As my support, against you they design:
 And by your death would make their way to mine.
 But though all be to my anger known,
 Yes 'tis my Brother still that leads them on.
 Do you know that, Sir, and may I obtain,
 It your deserved fury may restrain?

Cesar. Yes, Ile remember, your heart is so great,
 That for his Births sake, you his Crime forget.

Adieu,

Adieu, fear nothing, for these are not foes
 That can the fortune of my Arms oppose.
 Them, and their Party, I shall quickly rout,
 When I to them but Whips and Racks bring out :
 They shall not Souldiers, but Tortmentors see,
 And now my Axes shall my Ensigns be. *Exit Ceser.*

Clolop. Dear Achorou, after Ceser go,
 With him prevent my Threatned overthrow,
 And when he punishes our worthless Foes,
 Make him remember what his promise ows.
 Observe the King, when he in fight appears,
 And spare his blood, that you may spare my tears.

Achor. Madam, his fortune shall no sorrow need,
 If all my Care and service can succeed.

After the fourth Act, Cleopatra fits hearkening to
 this Song.

*P*roud Monuments of Royal Dust !
 Do not your old Foundations shake ?
 And labour to resign their trust ?
 For sure your mighty Guests should waks,
 Now their own Memphis lies at Seaks.

Alas ! in vain our Dangers call,
 They care not for our Destiny,
 Nor will they be concern'd at all,
 If Egypt now enslave'd, or free,
 A Kingdom or a Province be.

What is become of all they did ?
 And what of all they had design'd,
 Now death the悲 Scene bath bid ;
 Where but in story shall we find
 Those great disturbers of Mankind ?

When

When Men their quiet Minutes spent
 Where Mirr'rs grew and Fountains purp'd,
 As safe as they were Innocent :
 What angry God among them hurl'd
 Ambition to make the world ?

What is the charms of being Great ;
 Which oft is gain'd and lost with Sin,
 Or if w' a sum a Royal seat,
 With Guileless steps where do we win,
 If Love and Honour fight within ?

Honour the Brightness of the Mind !
 And love her noblest sacrifice :
 That does our felics, this others bind
 When you great Pair shall disagree
 What Grief can th' Umpire be ?

Though Love does all the heart subdue,
 With gentle, but resistless sway,
 Yet Honour must that govern too :
 And when thus Honour wins the Day,
 Love overcomes the bravest way.

ACT 5. SCEN. 1.

Cornelia with a little Urn in her hand, and Philip.

Cw. **M**ay I believe my Eyes ? or does this sight
 Delude me, with Chimaera's of the Night ?
 Do I behold The Philip ? and didst Thou
 Funeral rites to my lov'd Lord allow ?
 His Ashes does this Urn contain ? O view !
 At once so terrible and tender too !

Eternal.

Eternal Food of Sorrow and of Hate.

All of Great Pompey that is spar'd by Fate,
Expect not I a Tear to you should pay,
For Great Souls ease their Griefs another way;
Shallow Afflictions by Complaints are fed:
And who laments would fain be Comforted.
But I have sworn by all that we Adore;
And by your self (sic Object) which is more:
(For my griev'd Heart does more to you submit,
Then to those Gods who so ill-guarded it.)
By you I swear it then (Mournful remain,
My only Deity, now he is slain)
That no extinction or decay shall be
In that revenge which must enoble me.

To Cesar, Ptolemy, by base surprize,
Rome of thy Pompey made a Sacrifice.
And I, thy injur'd walls will never see,
Till Priest, and God, to him shall offer'd be.
Put me in mind, and my just hate sustain,
O Ashes! now my hope as well as Pain.
And to assist me in that great design,
Shed in all Hearts what now is felt by mine.
But thou, who'son so infamous a shoar
Gav'st him a flame, so Pious, though so Poor:
Tell me, what God thy Fortune made so great
To pay to such a Hero such a Debt?

Philip. Cover'd with Blood, and much more dead then
When I had curs'd the Royal Treachery,
My wandering Feet were by my grief convey'd,
Where yet the Wind upon the Water plaid:
After long search, I on a Rock did stand,
And saw the headless Trunk approach the Sand:
Where th' angry Wave a pleasure seem'd to take
To cast it off, and then to snatch it back:
I to it leap'd, and thrust it to the banks;
Then gathering a heap of Shipwrack'd Planks,

(he;

An

An hasty, artless Pile, I to him rais'd,
Such as I could, and such as Fortune pleas'd,
'T was hardly kindled, when Heaven grew so kind
To send me help in what I had design'd.

Cedrus, an Ancient Roman, who lives here,
Returning from the City, spy'd me there.
And when he did a headless Carrass view,
By that sad mark alone he *Pompey* knew :
Then weeping said, O thou who ere thou art
To whom the Gods such honours do impart.
Thy fortune's greater then thou dost believe,
Thou shalt rewards, not Punishments receive.
Cesar's in *Egypt*, and *Revenge* declares,
For him to whom thou pay'it these Pious Cares,
These Ashes to his Widow thou mayst bear
In *Alexandria*, for now she is there.

By *Pompey's* Conquerour so entertain'd,
As by a God it would not be disdain'd.
Go on till I return, this said, he went,
And quickly brought me this small Monument:
Then we, betwixt us, into it convey'd,
That *Hero's* Ashes which the fire had made. (crown'd !

Cor. With what great Praises should this Act be
Philip. Entring the Town I great disorders found.
A numerous People to the Port did fly,
Which they believ'd the King would fortifie.
The eager Romans fiercely these pursu'd,
Rage in their eyes, their hands with blood imbrew'd.
When *Cesar* with brave Justice did Command,
Phorin to perish by a Hang-mans hand.
On me appearing, he vouchsaf'd to look,
And with these words my Masters Ashes took.
Remainders of a Demigod ! whose Name
I scarce can equal Conquerour as I am.
Behold guilt punish'd, and till Altars call
For other Victims let these Traytors fall.

Greater shall follow. To the Court go thou,
On Pompey's Widow this from me bestow.
And whilst with it she makes with grief some truce,
Tell her how *Cesar* her Revenge pursues.
That great Man, fighting, then from me did turn,
And humbly kissing did restore the Urne.

Cor. O formal Grief ! how easie is that Tear
That's shed for Foes whom we no longer fear !
How soon revenge for others fils that brest
Which to it is by its own danger prest ?
And when the Care we take to right the dead
Secures our Life and does our glory spread.

Cesar is generous 'tis true, but he
By the King wrong'd, and from his Rival free,
Might in an envious mind a doubt revive,
What he would do were *Pompey* yet alive.
His courage his own safety does provide,
Which does the Beauty of his actions hide.
Love is concern'd in't to, and he does fight
In *Pompey's* Cause for *Cleopatra's* Right.
So many Intr'ests with my Husband's met,
Might to his Virtue take away my debt.
But as Great Hearts judge by themselves alone,
I choose to guess his honour by my own.
And think we only make his fury such,
Since in his Fortune I should do as much.

SCENE 2.

Cleopatra, Charmian, Cornelia, Philip.

Cleop. I come not to disturb a grief so due
To that affliction which hath wounded you.
But those remains t' adore, which from the wave
A faithful freed-man did so lately save.
To mourn your fortune, Madam, and to swear,

You'd

You'd still enjoyd a man so justly Dear
 If Heaven which does persecute you still,
 Had made my Power equal to my will.
 Yet if to what that Heaven sends you now
 Your Grief can any Room for Joy allow :
 If any sweetness in revenge there be,
 Receive the certainty of yours from me.

The false *Phorinus*—But you may have heard.

Cor. Yes, Princess that he hath his Just reward.

Cleop. Have you no comfort in that news discern'd?

Cor. If there be any, you are most concern'd.

Cleop. All hearts with Joy receive a wish'd Event.

Cor. Our thoughts are, as our Int'rests, different.

Though *Cesar* add *Achilles* Death, 'twill be

To you a satisfaction, not to me:

For nobler rites to *Pompey's* Ghost belong,

These are too mean to expiate his wrong.

No reparation by such Blood is made,

Either to my grief, or his injur'd shade,

And the Revenge which does my Soul enflame,

Till it hath *Cesar* *Ptolemy* doth claim ;

Who though so much unfit to reign or live,

Cesar, I know, will for his safety strive.

But though his Love hath dar'd to promise it,

Yet juster Heaven dares it not permit.

And if the Gods an Ear to me afford,

They shall both perish by each others Sword.

Such an event would my Hearts grief destroy,

Which now is such a Stranger grown to Joy.

But if ye Gods think this too great a thing,

And but one fall, O let it be the King !

Cleop. Heaven does not govern as our Wills direct.

Cor. But Gods, what Causes promise will effect,
 And do the guilty with revenge pursue.

Cleop. As they have Justice, they have Mercy too.

Cor. But we may judge, as here events have past,

They now the first will act and not the last.

Cleop. Their Mercy oft does through their Justice break

Cor. Queen, you, as Sister, I as Widow speak,

Each hath her Cause of kindnes and of hate,

And both concern'd in this Princes Fate.

But by the Blood which hath to day been shed,

We shall perceive whose vows have better sped.

Behold your *Achoreus*.

SCENE 3.

To them *Achoreus*.

Cleop. But alas.

I read no good presages in his Face ;

Speak *Achoreus*, let us freely hear-

What yet deserves my sorrow, or my fear.

Achor. As soon as *Cesar* did the Treason know :

Cleop. 'Tis not his Conduct I enquire of now,

I know he cut and stopt that secret vault

Which to him should the Murtherers have brought,

That to secure the street his men he senr,

Where *Phoebus* did receive his punishment :

Whose sudden fall *Achilles* so amaz'd,

That on the abandon'd Port he quickly seiz'd ;

Whom the King follow'd, and that to the Land

Antonius all his Souldiers did command.

Where *Cesar* joy'd him, and I thence do guess

Achilles punishment, and his success.

Achor. His usual Fortune to her Assistance gave.

Cleop. But tell me if he did my Brother save,

And kept his Promise.

Achor. Yes, with all his Might.

Cleop. That's all the News I wish'd you to recite.

Madam, You see the Gods my wishes heard.

Cor. They only have his punishment deferr'd.

Cleop. You wish'd it now ; but they have him secur'd :

Achor.

Achor. Or *Cesar* had, if he had life endur'd.

Cleop. What said you last? Or did I rightly hear?
Oh! Quickly your obscure Discourses clear.

Achor. Neither your cares nor ours could save him, who
Would die in spight of *Cesar* and of You:
But *Mark Antony*, in the noblest way he dy'd
That ever falling Monarch dignify'd.
His restor'd Virtue did his Birth make good,
And to the Romans dearly sold his blood.
He fought *Antonius* with such noble heat,
That on him He did some advantage get:
But *Cesar's* coming alter'd the event;

Achillas there after *Pharinas* went.
But so as him did too-much Honour bring:
With Sword in hand he perish'd for his King.
O spare the King, in vain the Conquerour cry'd;
To him no Hope but Terrour it imply'd.

For frighred, he thought *Cesar* did intend
But to reserve him to a shameful end.
He charg'd, and broke our Ranks, bravely to shew
What Virtue armed by Despair can do.

By this mistake his vexed soul abus'd.
Still sought the Death which still was him refus'd.
Breathless at last, with having fought and bled,
Encompas'd round, and his best Souldiers dead,
Into a Vessel which was near he leaps,
And follow'd was by such tumultuous heaps,
As by their number overpast, the Ship
With all its freight was swallow'd in the Deep.

This Death recovers all his lost Renown,
Gives *Cesar* Fame, and You th' *Egyptian* Crown.
You were proclaim'd, and though no *Roman* sword
Had touch'd the Life so much by you deplor'd.

Cesar extreamly did concern'd appear,
He sighs, and he complains: but see him here,
Who better can then I his Griefs relate,
For the unhappy Kings resistless Fate.

SCENE.

SCENE 4

To them.

Cæsar, Antonius, Lepidus.

Cornel. Cæsar be just, and me my Gallies yield,
Achillas and *Phorinus* both are kill'd ;
 Nor could thy softned heart their Master save,
 And Pompey, here, no more revenge can have.
 This fatal shoar nothing does me present,
 But th' Image of their horrible Attempt,
 And thy new Conquest, with the giddy noise
 Of People who in change of Kings rejoyce :
 But what afflicts me most, is, still to see
 Such an obliging Enemy in Thee :
 Release me then from this inglorious pain,
 And set my Hate at liberty again.
 But yet before I go I must request
 The Head of Pompey with his Bones may rest.
 Give it me then, as that alone, which yet
 I can with Honour at thy bands intreat.

Cæsar. You may so justly that Remainder claim,
 That to deny it would be Cæsar's shame :
 But it is fit, after so many Woes,
 That we should give his wandring Shade repose,
 And that a Pile which You and I enflame,
 From the first mean one rescue Pompey's name.
 That he should be appeas'd our Grief to view ;
 And that an Urn more worthy him and you
 May (the Pompe done, and fire extint again)
 His reunited Ashes entertain.
 This Arm, which did so long with him debate,
 Shall Altars to his Virtue dedicate,
 Offer him Vows, Incense and Victims too ;
 And yet shall give him nothing but his Due.

I but

I but to morrow for these Rites require,
 Refuse me not the Favour I desire ;
 But stay till these solemnities be past,
 And then you may resume your eager haste.
 Bring to our *Rome* a Treasury so great,
 That Relique bear ——

Cornel. Not thither *Cesar* yet,
 Till first thy ruine granted me by Fate,
 To these lov'd Ashes shall unlock the Gate ;
 And thither (though as Dear to *Rome* as me)
 They come not till triumphant over thee.
 To *Affrick* I must this rich burthen bear,
 Where *Pompey*'s sons, *Cato* and *Scipio*, are.
 Who'll finde I hope, (with a brave King ally'd)
 Fortune as well as justice on their side :
 And thou shalt see there, with new fury hurl'd,
Pharsalia's Ruines arm another World.
 From Rank to Rank these Ashes I'll expose
 Mixt with my Tears, t' exasperate thy Foes.
 My Hate shall guide them too, and they shall fight
 With Urns, instead of Eagles in their fight ;
 That such sad Objects may make them intent
 On his Revenge, and on thy Punishment.
 Thou to this *Hero* now devout art grown,
 But, rais'ng his Name, do't exalt thy own.
 I must be Witness too ! and I submit ;
 But thou canst never move my Heart with it.
 My Loss can never be repair'd by Fate,
 Nor is it possible t' exhaust my Hate.
 This Hate shall be my *Pompey* now, and I
 In his Revenge will live, and with it die.
 But as a Roman, though my Hate be such,
 I must confess, I thee esteem as much.
 Both these extremes justice can well allow :
 This does my Virtue, that my Duty show.
 My sense of Honour does the first command,

Concord.

Concern, the last, and they are both constrain'd.
 And as thy Virtue, whom none can betray,
 Where I should hate, makes me such value pay :
 My Duty so my Anger does create,
 And Pompey's Widow makes *Cornelia* hate.
 And I from hence shall hasten, and know then,
 I'll raise against thee Gods, as well as Men.
 Those Gods that flatter'd thee and me abus'd,
 And in *Pharsalia* Pompey's Cause refus'd,
 Who at his Death could Thunderbolts restrain,
 To expiate that, will his Revenge maintain :
 If not his Soul will give my Zeal such heat,
 As I without their help shall thee defeat.
 But should all my Endeavours prosper ill,
 What I can not do, *Cleopatra* will.
 I know thy flame, and that I obey its force
 Thou from *Calpurnia* study'st a Divorce :
 Now blinded thou wouldest this Alliance make,
 And there's no Law of *Rome* thou dar'st not break.
 But know, the *Roman* Youth think it no sin
 To fight against the Husband of a Queen.
 And thy offended Friends will at the Price
 Of thy best Blood revenge their scorn'd Advice.
 I check thy Ruine if I check thy Love ;
 Adieu ; to morrow will thy Honour prove.

SCENE 15.

Cesar, Cleopatra, Charmion, Antonius, Lepidus, Achæreni.

Cleop. Rather then You to this expos'd should be,
 With my own Ruine I would set you free.
 Sacrifice me, Sir, to your Happiness ;
 For that's the greatest that I can possess.
 Though far unworthy to be *Cesars* Bride,
 Yet He'll remember one that for him Dy'd.

Cesar.

Cesar. Those empty projects, Queen, are all now left
 To a great heart of other Help bereft,
 Whose keene desires her want of Strength confess,
 Could she perform more, she would wish it less.
 The Gods will these vain Auguries disprove,
 Nor can they my Felicity remove.
 If your Love stronger then your Grief appear,
 And will for Cesar's sake dry up your Tears;
 And that a Brother, who deserv'd them not,
 May for a faithful Lover be forgiv'n.
 You may have heard, with what Regret of mine
 His Safety to Despair he did resign,
 How much I sought his Reason to redeem
 From those vain Terrors that surrounded him,
 Which he disputed to his latest Breath,
 And cast away his Life for fear of Death.
 O shade for Cesar! Who so eminent!
 And so solicitous for your Content!
 Yet by the cruel Fortune of this Day
 Could not the First of your Commands obey:
 But vainly we resist the Gods, who will
 Their Just Decrees on guilty men fulfill. A
 And yet his Fall your Happiness procures,
 Since by his Death Egypt is wholly Yours.

Cleop. I know I gain another Diadem,
 For which none can be blam'd but Heav'n and Him;
 But as the Fate of humane things is such,
 That Joy and Trouble do each other touch,
 Excuse me, if the Crown confess'd by You..
 As it obliges, Does afflict me too.
 And if to see a Brother justly kill'd
 To Nature I as well as Reason yield,
 No sooner on my Grandeur I reflect,
 But my Ambition by my Blood is checkt:
 I meet my Fortune with a secret Groan,
 Nor dare without Right ascend the Throne.

Athen.

*Act. The Court is full, Siry People crowding in,
Who with great shouts demand to see their Queen,
And many ligues of their impatience give,
That such a Blessing they so late receive.*

*Cesar. Letebeth so just a Happiness obtain,
And by that Goodness, Queen, commence your reign.
O may the Gods so favour my Desire,
That in their Joy your Sorrow may expire;
That no Idee in your Soul may be,
But of the Wounds which you have given me:
Whilst my Attendants and your Courtiers may
Prepare to morrow for a glorious day,
When all such Noble Offices may own,
Pompey's appesse, and Cleopatra's Crown.
To her a Throne, to him let's Altars Build,
And to them both Immortal Honours yield.*

*After the Fifth Act by two Egyptian Priests, as
after the Second*

*A Scene in Throne Given Queen to you, that
By Nature, and by Fortune her; And yet did
And let the world know, since by
One who Ambition could not buy,
Subdue Revenge, and Love command,
On Heaven's single seat,
To mighty Roman friends, permit
That Pompey should above you sit; And of Nature
Nothing can do, But that the
For who like him, is the single best? I mean
What Hero ever liv'd so well,
Or who so greatly dy'd? What*

What cannot Glorious Caesar do?
How nobly does he fight and moe!
On Crowns how does he tread!

What mercy to the weak he shews,
How fierce is he to living Foes,
How pious to the dead?

Cornelia's yet would challenge Tears,
But that the sorrow which she wears,
So charming is, and brave.

That it exalts her Honour were,
Then if she all the Scorpions bore,
Her Generous Husband gave!

Chorus.

Then after all the Blood that's shed,
Let's right the living and the dead:
Temples to Pompey raise;

See Cleopatra on the Throne;
Let Caesar keep the World & her men;
And sing Cornelia's praise.

After which a Grand Masque is Danc'd before Caesar
and Cleopatra, made (as well as the other Dances and
the Tunes to them) by M. John Ogilby.

EPI.

EPilogue.

Written by Sir Edward Deering, Baronet.

Less'd or displeas'd, censure as you think fit,
The Action, Plot, the Language of the Wit :
But we're secure, no Bolder thought can tax
These scenes of Blemish to the blushing Sex.
Nor Envy with her hundred Eyes espy
One line less: rest Virtue need to fly :
As Chast the words, as Innocent is th' sense,
As the first smiles of Infant Innocence.

Yeast your Feet, Cays, Content to bow,
And Pompey, never truly Great till now :
Who does your Praise and Voter prefer,
Before th' applause of his own Theatre,
Where fifty Thousand Romans daily blea
The Gods and him, for all that they possest.

The sad *Cornelia* sayes, your gentler breath
Will force a smile, ev'n after Pompey's Death.
She thought all Passions bury'd in his Urne,
But fluttering hopes and trembling fears return :
Undone in Egypt, *Thessaly* and *Rome*,
She yet in Ireland hopes a milder Doom :
Nor from *Libyan* Shores, or *Lybian* Sands
Expect relief, but only from your hands.

Eva Cleopatra, nice content to have
The univerie, and *Cesar* too her Slave :
Edict tears her Throne, till you her right allow ;
'Tis less I have ruin'd the World, then pleased you.

E N D.

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